

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY. JANUARY 30, 1885.

NUMBER 9

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance. \$12.00
One copy, six months. \$10.00
No subscriptions taken on time and all papers stopped when due.
One copy free to any one sending us
yearly cash subscribers.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure
Terebinth, Tolu, Sulphur, Camphor, Wormwood,
Imperial Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers,
and all other diseases of the Liver.
It is a valuable remedy for Diseases of the
Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to
Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or
produce constipation—other from medicines do.
It cures all Diseases of the Liver, including
the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, re-
lieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens
the heart.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lamblia, Lack of
Energy, &c., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and
is stamped red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., SALIVINSON, EN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. M. RAMSEY,
Office—Ground floor, next door to Hopkins
Livery Stable.

SOUTH MAIN STREET.
Leave Orders at Stable.
IN OFFICE DAY AND NIGHT.
Jan. 18.

J. C. Shannahan,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
Nashville St., near Depot. All styles
made at bottom figures and his guaranteed.
Jan 18-19.

HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rear Room over Planters' Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
17 Jan 18-19.

ANDREW SEARGENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE ON—
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE HOPPER'S
DRUG STORE.
Nov. 17-18-19.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural cases are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 17.

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's, Store.
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan 18-19.

COOK & RICE,
PREMIUM LAGER BEER
CITY BREWER Y.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
No. 214, upper Seventh St.
Sep 18-19.

Edward Laurent.
ARCHITECT,
No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

HORSES AND MULES
BOUGHT and SOLD
AT—

Polk Cansler's
Livery Feed & Sale Stable.

Auction sale of Live Stock, sec-
ond and fourth Saturdays in each
month. Special livery rates given to
commercial men.

Russell Street, near Main.

Come and see me.
POLK CANSLER.

BETHEL
Female College.

A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The spring session was opened on Monday,
Jan. 19th, 1885 and continues 10 weeks. Eight
teachers. Terms as herefore. For catalog
or information apply to

J. W. RUST.

Hopkinsville.

GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, OVER
LANG BELL'S SALOON.

They would be pleased to wait on
all who may call on them.

MYRA CLARK GAINES.
Death of the Famous Litigant at
New Orleans—The Great Suit
Which She Prosecuted For-
ty Years

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the
famous litigant, died at New Orleans, on
January 9th, aged eighty years. The
first suit brought by Mrs. Gaines
(Mrs. Whitney) was against the trustees
for some property left by her
father, Daniel Clark, under his will
of 1811, which had then been probated,
but eventually that was abandoned,
as she claimed to have discovered
proof of a later will, in which she
was recognized as his sole heir. This will
was never produced in court, but a man named Francois
Dusnay De La Croix, an intimate
friend of Clark, testified that he had
been read to him by Clark himself a
short time previous to his death, and
he was told it would be found after
his death in a little black box in the
room he occupied. As soon as Clark
died, La Croix looked in the box for
the will, but failed to find it. This, however,
was the basis of the suit which she prosecuted
for forty years against the city of New
Orleans and others who had purchased
the property of Ralf and Chew,
the administrators under the will of 1811.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines was born
in New Orleans in 1805. Her father,
Daniel Clark, born in Sligo, Ireland, I, and
about 1755 emigrated to New Orleans,
where he inherited his uncle's property
in 1799. He was United States
consul there before the negotiation of
Louisiana, and represented the Territory
in Congress in 1803-8. He died in
New Orleans, August 16, 1813, and his estate
was disposed of under the provisions
of a will, which gave the property
to his mother, Mary Clark,
who had followed him to America,
and was living at Germantown, Pa.
His business partners, Ralf and Chew,
were the executors. Clark was re-
ported a bachelor, but was known to
have had a liaison with a young
French woman, during the absence of
her reputed husband in Europe. Two
daughters were born of this connection,
one in Philadelphia in April, 1802, the other,
Myra, in New Orleans. The latter was taken to the house of
Col. Davis, a friend of Clark's, until
a Mrs. Harper, and in 1812 went
with Davis' family to reside in Phila-
delphia, where she passed by the
name of Myra Davis. In 1813 Davis,
being then in the Legislature, sent
home for certain papers, and Myra in
searching for them discovered some
letters which partially revealed the
circumstances of her birth.

In 1812 she married W. W. Whitney,
of New York, who, in following
up the discovery, received from Davis
an oil letter which gave an account
of will made by Daniel Clark in 1811,
just before his death, giving all his
estate to Myra, and acknowledging
her as his legitimate daughter. Whitney
and his wife went to Matanzas,
Cuba, saw the writer of the letter,
and after collecting other evidence
instituted suit to recover the estate,
which included some of the most
valuable property in New Orleans.
On the trial of one of those causes,
Mrs. Harper testified that four weeks
before his death, Clark showed her
the will he had just made in favor of
Myra, permitting her to read it from
beginning to end, and acknowledging
the child's legitimacy.

Clark's testimony testified that
Clark told him the contents of the
will and acknowledged the child.
On this and other similar evidence
the lost or destroyed will was received
by the Supreme Court of Louisiana
as the last will of Daniel Clark.
By the law of Louisiana, a testator
cannot make a will to his own
bastard. It was proved by two sisters
of Myra's mother that Clark privately
married her in 1803, a Catholic priest
officiating, she having previously
learned that Dr. Granger, her sup-
posed husband, had a prior wife living
and was therefore not legally her
husband.

Clark's contemplated acknowledg-
ment of the marriage was said to
have been frustrated by suspicions of
fidelity, and deserted by him
who contracted a third marriage. In
another suit another United States
Supreme Court decided that the fact
of the marriage and the legitimacy
was established.

Mrs. Whitney survived her
husband and married Gen. Gaines,
and survived him also. In 1856 she filed
a suit in the United States Supreme
Court to recover valuable real estate
in possession of the city of New
Orleans, and a decanson in her favor
was rendered in the December term,
1867.

This substantially concluded one of
the most celebrated cases ever tried,
the value of the property claimed
was estimated in 1861 at \$25,000,000,
of which Mrs. Gaines had up to 1874
obtained possession of \$6,000,000, and
numerous actions for execution were
still in progress.

Fisherman's Luck.

In Scotland they have a curious
way of fishing that takes the metal
for the ease and repose with which it
is conducted. The fisherman who
will say is after pike. Selecting a
big goose from his barnyard, or half
a dozen geese, as the case may be, he
ties a baited line about five feet long
to their feet, and on reaching the
water turns them in. The birds, of
course, swim out, and the fisherman
lifts his pipe and sits down. In a
few minutes a fish sees the bait and
seizes it, giving the goose a good pull.
The bird starts for the shore at full tilt,
frightened half to death, dragging
the fish upon the bank, where it is
unhooked. The line being re-baited,
the feathered fisherman is again sent
out to try its luck. A flock of geese
can make quite a good haul in the
course of the day, the human fisherman
having only to take off the gano
and bait the hooks, the pulling in
and hooking being done by the

Concerning Red Hair.

Many people admire red hair, but
if you do not, Parker's Hair Balsam
will impart to it a darker hue. It
will also thicken thin hair, eradicate
dandruff, and impart softness, glossiness
and life to hair which has become
dry and harsh. Not a dye
does not sell the linen. Give a delicate
perfume. An elegant dressing
no. 1.

Pat Donan's Nightmare.
(Philadelphia News.)

Everybody who is anybody, from
Manitoba to Bar Harbor, knows Pat
Donan. He is the man who wrote
for Proctor Knott, the Kentucky
congressman, his famous Dithut speech,
since the delivery of which Mr. Knott has done nothing to make
him worth speaking about. Donan
several years ago delivered a Fourth
of July oration in the land of "The
Untamed seas" that even now makes
part and parcel of every well-regu-
lated gold book of the great northwest.
He was a delegate to the Episcopalian
convention that assembled in Phila-
delphia two years ago, he having
temporarily hedged himself about with
ecclesiastical propriety, that he might
gain a bishop and a bisho-
piscopate for the territory of Dakota. He was
successful, of course, and since then
has been known among his
familars as the "bishop-maker."

Some of Proctor Knott's friends
have been foolish enough to contro-
dict the assertion that his compa-
ny's great Dithut speech was written
by any one other than himself, and
even Pat. Donan will deny it. Here-
after, however, even the latter
gentleman's reputation for veracity
will, in this respect at least be
greater than can ever be obtained
from the land of the setting sun,
where exaggeration is unknown.
Mr. P. Donan has been invited to the
annual dinner of the Clover Club,
its reply is conveyed in a personal
letter to an officer of the club, an
exception from which is here given.
After reading it Mr. Proctor Knott
will surely not have the presumption
to claim the parentage of his own
literary infant. Pat. Donan writes from Fargo,
Dakota, under date of December 22, as follows:

"For any real delay and securing
neglect in the matter of acknowledging
and replying to your very kind letter
I have good and sufficient
reasons plenty as the 'blackberries'.
The last time I was in the community
of Prince Hall from the 'Old field' of Virginia or
somewhere else. Even now I show
my high appreciation of your com-
munity by propelling myself up to
try and write you, when, according
to all the rules of physiology and
hygiene, as expounded by orthodox
pill-peddlers, I ought to be in bed,
having a bilious eye with a big black bob
chain, another poking a pewter
spoon several feet down my throat to
examine my overcoated tongue, and a half-dozen good old ladies in
wrinkles and ruffled caps boiling my
feet in mustard broth, and tying up
my head in vinegar napkins. I
have for some time past been cutting
along the ragged edge of a spot of
pneumonia, with a double dose of
catarrh and neuralgia thrown in to
the measure of my woes. I am
roasting with feverishness now—so
hot that cold water poured on me would
scald so hot that the steam
from my seething blood makes my
hat dance on my head like an
infuriated teetotal. My head is
roaring like a wild Niagara with the
noise, and aching as if it were determined
to burst into a thousand flinders,
every one of them with an echo
in it big enough to send a sacred
white circus elephant to bed under a
banyan tree, with his skull done up
in a camphorated rag and his trunk
packed and checked over the Tropic
of Jordan and New Jerusalem railroad
for another and perhaps no better
world. My eyes, blazing with blood-
shot, bloodshot, look like two drunken
locomotive headlights or a pair of
"Catil crue-wheels" of "Judas day," and seem bent on turning
a double somerset out of the fry-
pan-sots. My hands, as you can see from my caco-
graphy, are sticky as an average
American "patootie's" principles
or as a paision old woman's tongue.
And the climax of my miseries is
capped with what a profane
young man would—but I, of course,
being a devout Dakota bishop-maker
and writing to a pink-clad paragon
of all the journalistic virtues, graces
and proprieties, would not and could
not—style a d—l of sulfite in
my nose, pepper-sance, skin-milk,
the nectar of the gods and stale
dishwater all taste exactly alike.
The most thunderous blist
of Edison's coming megaphoniac
foghorn that shall ever scare the
inhabitants of ocean's deepest, darkest
palace of caverns into fits would
not be able to make me sneeze.
I have a bilious eye with a big black bob
chain, another poking a pewter
spoon several feet down my throat to
examine my overcoated tongue, and a half-dozen good old ladies in
wrinkles and ruffled caps boiling my
feet in mustard broth, and tying up
my head in vinegar napkins. I
have for some time past been cutting
along the ragged edge of a spot of
pneumonia, with a double dose of
catarrh and neuralgia thrown in to
the measure of my woes. I am
roasting with feverishness now—so
hot that cold water poured on me would
scald so hot that the steam
from my seething blood makes my
hat dance on my head like an
infuriated teetotal. My head is
roaring like a wild Niagara with the
noise, and aching as if it were determined
to burst into a thousand flinders,
every one of them with an echo
in it big enough to send a sacred
white circus elephant to bed under a
banyan tree, with his skull done up
in a camphorated rag and his trunk
packed and checked over the Tropic
of Jordan and New Jerusalem railroad
for another and perhaps no better
world. My eyes, blazing with blood-
shot, bloodshot, look like two drunken
locomotive headlights or a pair of
"Catil crue-wheels" of "Judas day," and seem bent on turning
a double somerset out of the fry-
pan-sots. My hands, as you can see from my caco-
graphy, are sticky as an average
American "patootie's" principles
or as a paision old woman's tongue.
And the climax of my miseries is
capped with what a profane
young man would—but I, of course,
being a devout Dakota bishop-maker
and writing to a pink-clad paragon
of all the journalistic virtues, graces
and proprieties, would not and could
not—style a d—l of sulfite in
my nose, pepper-sance, skin-milk,
the nectar of the gods and stale
dishwater all taste exactly alike.
The most thunderous blist
of Edison's coming megaphoniac
foghorn that shall ever scare the
inhabitants of ocean's deepest, darkest
palace of caverns into fits would
not be able to make me sneeze.
I have a bilious eye with a big black bob
chain, another poking a pewter
spoon several feet down my throat to
examine my overcoated tongue, and a half-dozen good old ladies in
wrinkles and ruffled caps boiling my
feet in mustard broth, and tying up
my head in vinegar napkins. I
have for some time past been cutting
along the ragged edge of a spot of
pneumonia, with a double dose of
catarrh and neuralgia thrown in to
the measure of my woes. I am
roasting with feverishness now—so
hot that cold water poured on me would
scald so hot that the steam
from my seething blood makes my
hat dance on my head like an
infuriated teetotal. My head is
roaring like a wild Niagara with the
noise, and aching as if it were determined
to burst into a thousand flinders,
every one of them with an echo
in it big enough to send a sacred
white circus elephant to bed under a
banyan tree, with his skull done up
in a camphorated rag and his trunk
packed and checked over the Tropic
of Jordan and New Jerusalem railroad
for another and perhaps no better
world. My eyes, blazing with blood-
shot, bloodshot, look like two drunken
locomotive headlights or a pair of
"Catil crue-wheels" of "Judas day," and seem bent on turning
a double somerset out of the fry-
pan-sots. My hands, as you can see from my caco-
graphy, are sticky as an average
American "patootie's" principles
or as a paision old woman's tongue.
And the climax of my miseries is
capped with what a profane
young man would—but I, of course,
being a devout Dakota bishop-maker
and writing to a pink-clad paragon
of all the journalistic virtues, graces
and proprieties, would not and could
not—style a d—l of sulfite in
my nose, pepper-sance, skin-milk,
the nectar of the gods and stale
dishwater all taste exactly alike.
The most thunderous blist
of Edison's coming megaphoniac
foghorn that shall ever scare the
inhabitants of ocean's deepest, darkest
palace of caverns into fits would
not be able to make me sneeze.
I have a bilious eye with a big black bob
chain, another poking a pewter
spoon several feet down my throat to
examine my overcoated tongue, and a half-dozen good old ladies in
wrinkles and ruffled caps boiling my
feet in mustard broth, and tying up
my head in vinegar napkins. I
have for some time past been cutting
along the ragged edge of a spot of
pneumonia, with a double dose of
catarrh and neuralgia thrown in to
the measure of my woes. I am
roasting with feverishness now—so
hot that cold water poured on me would
scald so hot that the steam
from my seething blood makes my
hat dance on my head like an
infuriated teetotal. My head is
roaring like a wild Niagara with the
noise, and aching as if it were determined
to burst into a thousand flinders,
every one of them with an echo
in it big enough to send a sacred
white circus elephant to bed under a
banyan tree, with his skull done up
in a camphorated rag and his trunk
packed and checked over the Tropic
of Jordan and New Jerusalem railroad
for another and perhaps no better
world. My eyes, blazing with blood-
shot, bloodshot, look like two drunken
locomotive headlights or a pair of
"Catil crue-wheels" of "Judas day," and seem bent on turning
a double somerset out of the fry-
pan-sots. My hands, as you can see from my caco-
graphy, are sticky as an average
American "patootie's" principles
or as a paision old woman's tongue.
And the climax of my miseries is
capped with what a profane
young man would—but I, of course,
being a devout Dakota bishop-maker
and writing to a pink-clad paragon
of all the journalistic virtues, graces
and proprieties, would not and could
not—style a d—l of sulfite in
my nose, pepper-sance, skin-milk,
the nectar of the gods and stale
dishwater all taste exactly alike.
The most thunderous blist
of Edison's coming megaphoniac
foghorn that shall ever scare the
inhabitants of ocean's deepest, darkest
palace of caverns into fits would
not be able to make me sneeze.
I have a bilious eye with a big black bob
chain, another poking a pewter
spoon several feet down my throat to
examine my overcoated tongue, and a half-dozen good old ladies in
wrinkles and ruffled caps boiling my
feet in mustard broth, and tying up
my head in vinegar napkins. I
have for some time past been cutting
along the ragged edge of a spot of
pneumonia, with a double dose of
catarrh and neuralgia thrown in to
the measure of my woes. I am
roasting with feverishness now—so
hot that cold water poured on me would
scald so hot that the steam
from my seething blood makes my
hat dance on my head like an
infuriated teetotal. My head is
roaring like a wild Niagara with the
noise, and aching as if it were determined
to burst into a thousand flinders,
every one of them with an echo
in it big enough to send a sacred
white circus elephant to bed under a
banyan tree, with his skull done up
in a camphorated rag and his trunk
packed and checked over the Tropic
of Jordan and New Jerusalem railroad
for another and perhaps no better
world. My eyes, blazing with blood-
shot, bloodshot, look like two drunken
locomotive headlights or a pair of
"Catil crue-wheels" of "Judas day," and seem bent on turning
a double somerset out of the fry-
pan-sots. My hands, as you can see from my caco-
graphy, are sticky as an average
American "patootie's" principles
or as a paision old woman's tongue.
And the climax of my miseries is
capped with what a profane
young man would—but I, of course,
being a devout Dakota bishop-maker
and writing to a pink-clad paragon
of all the journalistic virtues, graces
and proprieties, would not and could
not—style a d—l of sulfite in
my nose, pepper-sance, skin-milk,
the nectar of the gods and stale
dishwater all taste exactly alike.
The most thunderous blist
of Edison's coming megaphoniac
foghorn that shall ever scare the
inhabitants of ocean's deepest, darkest
palace of caverns into fits would
not be able to make me sne

The office of the Evansville Courier is now lighted with electric light.

Mr. Spencer Cooper will begin the publication of the Herald at the mountain town of Hazel Green, Wolfe county, in a few weeks.

The post-office committee will report favorably a bill recommending the reduction of newspaper postage from 2 cents to 1 cent per pound.

The Bowling Green Times says Mr. Lucky Rounans, of Warren county, is 99 years old and in as good health and as sprightly as most persons of sixty years.

The officers of the Tennessee penitentiary have sued the Nashville Banner for \$60,000 for alleged libelous comments on the interior management of the State prison.

In the United States Court at Cincinnati Tuesday Judge Baxter decided the case of the Knights of Honor vs. Breckenridge, in which \$153,000 are involved, in favor of the plaintiffs.

Official estimates made by the government inspectors place the amount of pecuniary damages wrought by the recent dynamite explosion in London, England, at \$70,000.

The Oklahoma Boomers, who undertook to occupy the Indian Territory in defiance of the U. S. Army, have been forced to terms. On last Tuesday they agreed to leave and took the nearest route for Kansas.

A fire in the Insane Asylum at Indianapolis, Ind., Tuesday morning before day was gotten under control after \$75,000 damage was done. There were 1,700 patients in the main building. The fire was in a detached building and no lives were lost.

R. Y. Thomas, Jr., will begin the publication of the Argus, at Central City, Feb. 4th. It will be a seven column home-made, Democratic paper. Thomas formerly made the Greenville Echo a red hot paper and we may expect to see the Argus take rank at once with the best country weeklies.

Clinton G. Wells, President of the Island city Savings Bank, Galveston, Tex., and a member of a merchant firm also, suicided Tuesday on account of the failure of the bank, due to over-checking by his firm. The depositors will lose nearly everything. Many of them are poor people who had saved up small amounts for a rainy day."

Lent, Melville, of arctic fame, proposes to make another expedition in search of the North Pole if somebody will furnish \$90,000 to fit out the vessel. He proposes to write the name of his patron across the face of the Polar Continent. He has volunteers for every position connected with the proposed enterprise.

Near Metropolitan, Mich., an old trapper and Indian hunter, named Tom Dugigan, was killed and eaten by wolves, one night not long ago. He was returning from hunting and the wolves pursued him to within two miles of his camp, when they overtook and devoured him. Next morning his closely gnawed bones were found and thirteen dead wolves lying near him, pierced by his rifle balls, and his Winchester rifle was lying by his side with one chamber still loaded. The old fellow had made a brave and desperate fight, before he succumbed.

Mrs. Grant has given her consent to W. H. Vanderbilt's proposal to secure to the Government perpetual possession of Gen. Grant's war relics and the souvenirs of his famous around-the-world journey. The reliques were part of the security for the \$150,000 loan that Mr. Vanderbilt gave Gen. Grant to help out the firm of Grant & Ward, and became Mr. Vanderbilt's property when Gen. Grant confessed judgment for the \$150,000 on December 6. Mr. Vanderbilt offered to deed the reliques back to Gen. Grant, but Mrs. Grant refused to accept the offer. When he changed the offer to a proposition to make her trustee of the reliques, with the understanding that they should become the property of the Government at Gen. Grant's death, she readily consented, and on January 16 a deed was executed transferring the reliques to her.

The Capitol building at Washington is supposed to be fire-proof. The walls are of marble, the doors of tiling, and the roof of iron, yet it took fire Monday morning in a very curious way. There is a flag pole on top of the building. The pole, by exposure to the weather, cracked; Monday morning, as the dries in the basement were being built, a spark flew out of the chimney, and struck in this crack. It was the only vulnerable point in the roof of the great building. This little crack as wide as a knife blade. The wind fanned the spark. It set fire to the pole and slowly followed down through the opening in the roof and so reached the interior in this curious manner. The fire dropped down through the roof and caught a lot of flags of various countries presented to this government by other nations and which had been placed in this supposed safe spot for safe keeping. Luckily it was discovered before it had reached the mass of records stored on the floor near by, and extinguished.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

GEN. STEWART FIGHTS HIS WAY TO METEMNEH OVER THE BODIES OF DEAD ARABS.

Two Correspondents Killed.

LONDON, Jan. 28, 11 a. m.—Intelligence has been received at the war office that Gen. Stewart's force is entrenched south of Metemneh. The dispatch also gives the gratifying information that Stewart is in communication with General Gordon. Stewart's force had several fights with the rebel Arabs before it reached Metemneh, and Stewart himself was badly wounded. Five of the Mahdi's cuirs were killed in the fight. Gen. Wooley, in the dispatch, reports the capture of Metemneh by the British. He also says that Sir Charles Wilson has gone to Khartoum on board a steamer, to confer with Gordon.

On the morning of Monday, January 19th, two days after the fight at Abu Klea the enemy appeared in front of the advancing British army, when a short fierce battle was fought. This occurred at a point about three miles from the Nile. The British were compelled to sustain a heavy fire for sometime. Early in the engagement Stewart received his wound, and Sir Charles Wilson thereupon assumed command. The rebels did not long stand before the murderous British fire, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Five cuirs and two hundred and fifty men were left dead in the field and large numbers wounded.

About the English losses few details are yet received. It is known, however, that Cameron, special correspondent of the London Daily Standard, and Herbert, special correspondent of the London Morning Post, were killed.

Gen. Stewart was shot in the thigh. His wound though not fatal is very serious and will disable him during the rest of the campaign. The British had 12 men killed and over 40 wounded. Only two officers were slain. The news of Stewart's safety was received with great rejoicing in London.

Congressman Holman, of Indiana, is the father of a son named Paul, who is a "sweet-scented gourd vine" of whom his distinguished father ought to be proud. Young Holman is a clerk in one of the departments at Washington. The other night at Saltersville, he was held to answer to a charge of murder. It turned out that Stapleton was in all probability innocent of the murder for which he was hanged.

Mrs. Carrie Winslow, of Newport, locked her two children in her room Sunday and strangled her 8-year-old boy to death with a string and then crushed the skull and cut the throat of her daughter, two years older. She then cut her own throat, with a razor. When found the woman and boy were dead and the little girl writhing in a pool of blood. She may recover, though she is in a very critical condition. The mother was lately released from an insane asylum and it is thought she was demented when the deed was done.

The following special was sent to the Courier-Journal from Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 27:

"Henry C. Bell, an ex-Confederate soldier, was arrested here to-day and jailed for trying to sell goods proved to have been stolen by him at Columbia, Tenn., night of January 23. Bell was convicted of grand larceny in November and in Trigg County, Ky., Criminal Court sentenced to three years, but after serving forty-one days was pardoned by Gov. Knott. The pardon was found in his trunk."

This fellow Bell is well-known in this city. He was one of the basest wheeps in old Sam Johnson's gang during the war. His attempt to pass himself off as an ex-confederate soldier is a piece of audacity as brazen as it is false. He was in the Federal army and was on more than one occasion detailed to murder innocent men and do other dirty work. He volunteered to shoot a brave confederate prisoner in this city after two detachments of Johnson's command had refused to commit the murder, being paid \$5.00 for his work. It was Bell who kicked the corpse of the gallant Col. Jim Brewer after he had been murdered, in the suburbs of this city. Bell was here a few days ago and more than one ex-Confederate soldier, who recognized him, kicked him out of their houses. It is to be hoped that the scoundrel will soon be in the penitentiary again and that the Governor of Tennessee will not make the same mistake that Gov. Knott did in pardoning him.

Total 20

Combined total 36

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

The Henderson News has been re-elected city printer of Henderson.

Ex-candidate St. John is booked for a temperance speech at Louisville, Feb. 8.

Jas. Lindeau was brutally murdered by Wm. Caskey, in Wolfe County, last week.

Capt. Smith Cook, of Hatton, Ky., is 26 years old, 7 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 390 pounds.

A Republican newspaper is to be started at Morgantown, Butler county.

Stevens & Baker's tobacco barn, near Midway, was burned Monday night. Some insurance.

The Hendricks has been arrested charged with burning a bridge, in Ballard county.

Joe Free shot and killed John Patton, at Greensburg, at a dance Saturday night.

A 15-year-old deaf and dumb negro boy was killed by the cars at Paris. His name was Alfred Williams.

E. D. Baxter, of Nicholas, is the fourth sheriff to settle in full with the auditor for 1854.

A post-office has been established at Twin Oaks, Graves county, and Jas. A. Gray appointed postmaster.

Jno. W. Arnold's tobacco barn was burned near Versailles, Saturday night, by incendiaries. Loss very heavy; partially insured.

In a drunken quarrel at Winchester, Chas. Brumback shot and killed his friend B. F. Webb. Brumback was arrested.

Mrs. M. J. Puttling, recently appointed notary public by Judge Simes, at Louisville, was the first female examiner ever appointed in the state. On last Tuesday Gov. Knott commissioned a second—Miss Sallie M. Barclay, of Lexington.

The members of the mob that recently lynched John Stapleton, Sr., at Saltersville, have been held to answer to a charge of murder. It turned out that Stapleton was in all probability innocent of the murder for which he was hanged.

Mrs. Carrie Winslow, of Newport, locked her two children in her room Sunday and strangled her 8-year-old boy to death with a string and then crushed the skull and cut the throat of her daughter, two years older.

She then cut her own throat, with a razor. When found the woman and boy were dead and the little girl writhing in a pool of blood. She may recover, though she is in a very critical condition. The mother was lately released from an insane asylum and it is thought she was demented when the deed was done.

J. D. C. Newstead, Ky., Jan. 27, '55.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Marriage licenses issued to three dozen couples, during this month, by the County Clerk, as follows:

G. W. Hesley to Julia Ann Turner.

Ano. W. Wails to Ollie Spencer.

Harvey Riddle to Sarah J. Word.

Wm. V. Brougham to Mary E. Edmunds.

Jno. V. Good to Hella M. Wooley.

Fins. E. Wells to Margaret C. Wells.

E. F. Griflin to Myra E. Jones.

C. W. Chidester to Anna Pope.

Wm. C. Fins. to Little D. Willeford.

Edou. Riddle to Hattie Watkins.

Harrison Gildard to Rachel Duper.

Moore Boyl to Diana Watis.

Richard Cary to Sude West.

Edward Wilson to Ella Barrett.

John Gray to Elvira Stanley.

John Grimes to Margaret Tandy.

Hastor Dillier to Ida Bell Carter.

Nobis Bryant to Harriet Hopper.

Thos. Hinson to Ellen Campbell.

Moses Musford to Jane Fox.

Total 20

Combined total 36

COLORED.

Sam. Roberson to Ann Owen.

Abram Hopson to Caroline Fankner.

S. W. Coffman to Leila Whitelock.

Pleas. Fins. to Sept. India.

Edou. Riddle to Hattie Slaughter.

Edou. Riddle to Hattie Watkins.

Harrison Gildard to Rachel Duper.

Moore Boyl to Diana Watis.

Richard Cary to Sude West.

Edward Wilson to Ella Barrett.

John Gray to Elvira Stanley.

John Grimes to Margaret Tandy.

Hastor Dillier to Ida Bell Carter.

Nobis Bryant to Harriet Hopper.

Thos. Hinson to Ellen Campbell.

Moses Musford to Jane Fox.

Total 20

Combined total 36

NOTICE

TO EMIGRANTS

AND

EXCURSIONISTS

Desiring to Go To

ARKANSAS AND TEXAS

—REMEMBER THE

Great Through Car

ROUTE.

24 Hours Quicker than Any Other

Route.

Only One Change of Cars to Texas

via

Memphis and Little Rock

RAILROAD!

2 Trains Through to

Texas Daily.

Remember if you want Low Rates

and Quick Time, this is the Route

you should purchase Tickets by

Books and Maps of Arkansas and

Texas Furnished Free by writing to

R. A. WILLIAMS,

"Southern Passenger" Agent,

Nashville, Tenn.

J. B. FRANKLIN,

Passenger Agent, Memphis, Tenn.

D. MILLER, G. P. F. A.,

Little Rock, Ark.

RUDOLPH FINE, Gen. Manager,

Little Rock, Ark.

INSTANTLY.

James G. Blalne, Jr., threw a bottle of ink, in a Boston hotel, at a man

who wouldn't acknowledge that his

father was the greatest man in

America. He certainly exercised

more discretion in the use of ink than his daddy ever did.—Breckenridge

News.

James G. Blalne, Jr., threw a bot-

tle of ink, in a Boston hotel, at a man

who wouldn't acknowledge that his

father was the greatest man in

America

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1885.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

DEPART SOUTH—6:15 A. M.; 11:30 A. M.
DEPART NORTH—2:45 A. M.; 6:30 A. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—11:30 A. M.; 9:10 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—11:30 A. M.; 9:10 P. M.
POST OFFICE—North Main Street.
Open for letters, stamps—7 A. M. to 8 P. M.
" " money orders—8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
" " delivery—8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,
North Main St.
Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.



The days of ice and snow have passed,
and so has again at last;
The change we gladly note this morn,
And let us hope that winter's gone.

SOCIALITIES.

Mr. John Boddy, of Lafayette, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. R. C. Itach, of Clarksville, was in the city the first of the week.

Mr. J. W. Bayham, of Lafayette, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. W. J. Graham visited Nashville, this week.

Dr. J. P. Cullum, of Dawson, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. C. W. Metcalfe, has returned from a trip to St. Louis.

Mr. R. W. Peach, formerly a resident of this city, is visiting his friends here.

Miss Jennie Slaughter, of Louisville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Joe Frankel.

Mrs. H. G. Leichhardt, of Strawberry Point, Iowa, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Glass are in New Orleans, taking in the Exposition.

Itev. H. H. Coulter returned this week from a two weeks' visit to Gallopolis, Ohio.

Senator Den. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, passed through the city Monday, en route to Nashville, to attend to some legal business.

Will Hawks, the cigar man, of Nashville, was in the city this week looking to the interest of his customers.

Mr. Ike Slaughter, representing H. Rosenbaum & Co.'s, mammoth cloak manufacturer, Cincinnati, Ohio, is in the city, the guest of Mr. J. M. Frankel.

Mr. Geo. Hildley and wife have removed to Richmond, Ky., where they will live in the future. Mr. Hildley has been associated with the merchant tailoring department of Jas. Pyle & Co. for the past two years, and made many friends during his stay.

Valentines! Valentines!

Both Comic and Sentimental at WILSON & GALTHER'S.

Peck's Bad Boy.

The simple announcement that this piece will be presented at the Opera House next Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, is enough to draw a big house. The company is one of the two legally authorized ones now on the road. The following is from the Courier-Journal of Jan. 27:

"Atkinson's Comedy Company presented 'Peck's Bad Boy' to a packed house at the Grand last night. The audience was one of the largest of the season, and a number were unable to obtain seats. The play is without a plot, but with a purpose—to make people laugh. That it accomplishes this, there is no doubt. It is filled with the most ludicrous situations, and all the pranks that the brain of a precocious youth can invent are put into practice. The show is greatly improved by the introduction of a number of bright songs, and the music throughout is new and taking. The stage setting especially in the first act, where the boy was represented, was good.

The company is a strong one and very evenly made up, there not being a 'slack' among its members. Dan Mason as Max Schultz, the original German grocer, whose life was made one of sorrow by the tricks of the boy, portrayed the part excellently, and his dialect and dancing among the most amusing features of the performance. Master Harry Kelley was very good as the 'Bad Boy,' and Mr. Clas Willard, as the 'Boy's Pa,' did well. Miss Cora Lyle, who took the part of Mrs. Hannah Peck, proved a vocalist of more than ordinary ability and introduced several pretty songs. The duet in the last act by Miss Lyle and Miss Gertrude Lyle was especially pleasing and had to be repeated. Miss Leon Fontainebleau made a good impression as Minnie Clay, the 'Bad Boy's' girl, and did a neat song and dance. The other parts were well sustained." Seats for sale at the usual place and price.

LOST.

A gold cravat pin, a miniature of the well-known J. I. Case Plow. The neat little implement resembles in point of beauty, the large stock of Case's Chilled Steel Plows, kept constantly on hand by Metcalfe, Graham & Co. Anyone finding the Plow will be fully repaid by calling at their store on Nashville street, where you will find a well selected stock of Agricultural Implements, Farmers' Hardware, Ifarsnes, Saddlery, etc.

If any man has not filled his icehouse this winter it is his own fault.

HERE AND THERE.

Howe's time is the city standard. Rev. A. C. Biddle will preach at the Southern Presbyterian church next Sunday.

The bills of the "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa" company have been put up and are very handsome ones.

Holland & Rodgers have the new and novel EASEL Valentines. Call and see them.

M. Frankel & Sons' are selling plaid jerseys for \$1.00 and braid jerseys for \$1.50.

Jimmie Adams, son of Mr. W. H. Adams, of Church Hill, is, we learn, very ill with pneumonia.

A few nice fur-lined circulars left at M. Frankel & Sons' which they are closing out at ten dollars.

Lost—A gold bracelet, small round band. Lost on Main, Maple or College streets. Return to Mrs. W. W. Clark, and receive reward.

The weather took another sudden drop Tuesday night and Wednesday morning the mercury was only 4 degrees above zero.

Bargains in clothing, dress goods, boots, shoes, and gents furnishing goods at the closing out sale of M. Frankel & Sons'.

Dr. A Goldstein, the skillful Louisville optician, is still at the Phoenix Hotel but will leave Monday next for Henderson, Ky.

Towels, table cloths, bed comforts, and blankets at ruinous prices at M. Frankel & Sons'.

The weather took another sudden drop Tuesday night and Wednesday morning the mercury was only 4 degrees above zero.

Bargains in clothing, dress goods, boots, shoes, and gents furnishing goods at the closing out sale of M. Frankel & Sons'.

The clearance sale of M. Frankel & Sons' still continues, rare bags in this and next week. Don't fail to call on them.

The grocers in the surrounding towns should remember that they can buy bags from us cheaper than in eastern cities and besides help to sustain a home enterprise.

The Baptist Guild will meet at the residence of Mr. Samuel G. Buckner, on next Monday night. Music and recitations will constitute the entertainment of the evening.

If you think the KENTUCKIAN is a paper worth the subscription price, recommend it to your neighbor, thereby doing him a favor, as well as assisting us in building up a large circulation.

On Oct. 4, 1881 license to wed was issued to Maryland Davis and Millie Young, of the colored population, by the county clerk. Not long ago the papers were returned endorsed on the back, "No property found."

Dealers report that coal thieves were so bad during the recent cold spell that they did not wait for the cover of darkness to begin their operations. Messrs. Fouks & Son lost over 100 bushels from one car in a single day and night.

We learn from the farmers that hog cholera is raging in many neighborhoods in the county. Some parties have sustained very heavy losses already and the disease appears to be spreading and increasing in virulence.

The house in which Hon. Jefferson Davis was born, at Fairview, Ky., was recently sold to Mr. J. T. Smith, for \$300. The homestead consisted of about eight acres. The rest of the farm was sold to different parties, in lots of ten acres.

As will be seen by a communication elsewhere, the seceders from the colored Baptist Church have bought a lot on North Main street and will build a church house as soon as they can raise the necessary funds. They will organize another distinct body.

Mr. C. W. Smithson, who recently removed from this county to wear New Providence, Tenn., had his house burned on the 14th inst., with nearly all its contents. Mr. Smithson hardly had time to get his family out safe. He is a worthy young man and his severe loss will fall with crushing weight upon him.

Tuesday night while Mr. J. W. Warfield, of the Casky neighborhood, was absent from home on a visit to his father's, a short distance from his place, a negro man discovered fire in Mr. Warfield's house, and at once made haste to inform him of the fact. Mr. Warfield hurried home and arrived in time to extinguish the fire, which had burned three or four planks in the floor. It is not known whether the fire was accidental or not.

Messrs. Chas. McKee & Co. have purchased at a bargain the stock of groceries with which Mr. W. A. P'Pool commenced business on Nashville street, and have added it to their already large stock and can now boast of the largest stock carried in the city. The goods bought were entirely fresh, and by the combination of the two stocks they can afford to sell cheaper for cash than any house in the city, and it will be to your interest to call on them before supplying yourself. Call at No. 2, Wilters Block, Main St.

Mr. W. A. P'Pool, who recently embarked in the grocery business under this office has sold his entire stock to Mr. McKee, his former partner, and retired from business. He has rented his store-rooms to Mr. M. Lipstine, who will move into them in a few days. They will first be remodeled to some extent and new fronts put in. Mr. Lipstine will have his dry-goods and clothing store in one room and his daughter, Mrs. Hart, will conduct a millinery establishment in the other.

Inspector's Weekly Report of the Hopkinsville Tobacco Market for the week ending Jan. 28, 1885.

Receipts for week, 231 lbs.

Receipts for year, 1211 ".

Sales for week, 200 ".

Sales for year, 876 ".

D. F. SMITHSON.

NEW ENTERPRISE.

Christian County Creamery.

The above is the corporate name of a creamery just established at Casky, this county, by J. M. Brent & Co., of Chicago. It will be built after the Fairland system and is expected to be in operation by March 1. The capital stock is \$2,500 and there will be a capacity for making 750 pounds of butter a day. The creamery will be located in Casky, in the building formerly owned by Henry & Gunn, which has been purchased for the purpose. The stock-holders are H. F. Ilves, T. L. Graham, D. M. Whittaker, J. J. Stuart, R. H. Dudley, W. T. Bradford, E. W. Walker, C. G. Layne, E. W. C. Edwards, J. R. Peck, Henry Hanna, W. H. McLean, Dr. J. A. Gunn and Winston Henry. The directors are H. F. Ilves, President, T. L. Graham, Secretary and Treasurer, W. Henry, Superintendent, D. M. Whittaker and J. H. Peck.

The cream will be gathered daily from the adjoining country, which will be laid off into routes. The company will begin operations with the cream from about 150 cows, which number is expected to be increased to 500 during the year. They expect to make an average of 200 pounds of butter daily, which will be sold for 35 cents to the wholesale trade only. The gentlemen interested have great faith in the success of the enterprise. They have secured the exclusive country right.

ANOTHER TO BE IN TRENTON.

The same firm has arranged to establish a similar creamery at Trenton. Among the gentlemen who have taken stock in it are C. W. Ware, C. D. Itanyou, Webb Garth, E. G. Garth, Dr. J. S. Wilson, W. B. Cook, M. M. Graves, R. M. Iligan, Sam Steger, Moore and others. The capital invested will be \$1,500. The cream of 300 cows has been secured and the estimated yield of butter per day is put at 300 pounds, with a capacity five times as great. This creamery is to be the only one in Todd county. Under the Fairland system cream can be gathered from a territory within a radius of 24 miles from a given central point. We have not learned who have been chosen as officers of the Trenton creamery.

Valentines!

Largest assortment in town at Holland & Rodgers' confectionery.

Mr. J. C. Burba and family left last Wednesday for Louisburg, Kansas, where they will make their home in the future. Mr. Burba has been in bad health for a long time and his wife and children are also in poor health. His physician recommended the climate of Kansas, and he at once made preparations to give it a rest.

Mr. Burba has been in the employ of Messrs. Dabney & Bush for several years, as foreman of their shoemaking department, which position he filled satisfactorily both to the firm and to its customers. In the removal of Mr. Burba the city loses an upright, energetic, and straightforward gentleman, liked by all who knew him, and we trust that he and his family may be restored to health.

A thief invaded the chicken roost of Mr. W. A. Wilkins Wednesday night, between three and four o'clock and as he was not quite gentle enough in his movements, aroused Mr. Wilkins from his slumbers, and he at once went out the back way to see if he was having good luck. Upon hearing the door open the thief made off through Mrs. Slaughter's yard, who lives adjoining to Main St. Mr. Wilkins then rushed to the front door and the thief who was hurrying up the street, was made to move faster by the whiz of warm lead around his coat tail. He only succeeded in capturing one chicken.

The protracted meeting at the Christian Church still continues and is increasing in interest. There have been up to Wednesday evening eleven confessions and eight baptisms. The following were immersed: Misses Callie Golladay, Mattie Young, Willie Cullum, Jessie Hayden, Belle Moore, Louise Stanley and Mrs. Catlett. Three others were expected to be baptized last evening, viz: V. W. Crabb, Annie Sypert and Maggie Sypert. The meeting will probably continue throughout the week. The pastor, Mr. Stanley, is conducting the meeting without assistance, so far.

Go to M. O. Smith & Co., and buy the best Cheese, Prunes, Figs, Canned Fruits, etc., ever bought in Hopkinsville.

Call at Holland & Rodgers' Confectionery and examine the celebrated Harden hand grenade fire extinguishers.

Young American Cheese, the finest goods you ever saw, try one. Burbridge Bros'.

Take your prescriptions to Gaither's Drug Store, where they will receive prompt and careful attention.

The nicest assortment of Pipes you ever saw at Burbridge Bros'.

G. W. WILEY & CO., Dealers in all kinds of country produce, bacon, flour, meal, etc., Fresh meats and fowls a specialty. Pay the highest market price for hides, furs, ginseng, copper beeswax, tallow, etc., etc.

Inspector's Weekly Report of the Hopkinsville Tobacco Market for the week ending Jan. 28, 1885.

Receipts for year, 1211 ".

Sales for week, 200 ".

Sales for year, 876 ".

D. F. SMITHSON.

Tobacco Sales.

Sales by Buckner & Wooldridge Jan. 28, of 38 hds. as follows: 12 hds. medium to good lugs—\$10 to 9 50. 4 hds. common to low lugs—\$7 00 to 7 90. 14 hds. medium to good lugs—\$6 25 to 7 00. 8 hds. common to trashy lugs—\$3 00 to 5 90.

Market rules strong with a good general demand for all kinds.

Sales by Gant & Gaither of 36 hds.

Tobacco as follows: 15 hds. good and medium leaf—\$10 00, 9 90, 9 70, 9 50, 9 40, 9 30, 9 25, 9 00, 8 85, 8 90, 8 75, 8 60, 8 50.

10 hds. common leaf—\$7 10 to 8 25.

11 hds. lugs, from \$5 40 to 6 00.

Market firm at last week's prices.

Quarterly Court has been in session this week. Two of the most important cases disposed of were W. L. Yancey vs. Mrs. Uhrlirch and F. P. Stuart vs. Dr. Ilves. In the first Yancey sued for damages, having been discharged by Mrs. Uhrlirch, after contracting to work her farm on the shares. Messrs. Burnett and Bush represented the plaintiff and Messrs. Campbell and Champlin the defendant. Yancey was given \$150. The other case was decided in favor of the defendant.

The cream will be gathered daily from the adjoining country, which will be laid off into routes.

The company will begin operations with the cream from about 150 cows, which number is expected to be increased to 500 during the year. They expect to make an average of 200 pounds of butter daily, which will be sold for 35 cents to the wholesale trade only.

The gentlemen interested have great faith in the success of the enterprise. They have secured the exclusive country right.

The cream will be gathered daily from the adjoining country, which will be laid off into routes.

The company will begin operations with the cream from about 150 cows, which number is expected to be increased to 500 during the year. They expect to make an average of 200 pounds of butter daily, which will be sold for 35 cents to the wholesale trade only.

The gentlemen interested have great faith in the success of the enterprise. They have secured the exclusive country right.

The cream will be gathered daily from the adjoining country, which will be laid off into routes.

The company will begin operations with the cream from about 150 cows, which number is expected to be increased to 500 during the year. They expect to make an average of 200 pounds of butter daily, which will be sold for 35 cents to the wholesale trade only.

The gentlemen interested have great faith in the success of the enterprise. They have secured the exclusive country right.

The cream will be gathered daily from the adjoining country, which will be laid off into routes.

The company will begin operations with the cream from about 15

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN

NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

CLUB LIST.

We will furnish the following papers and periodicals with the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN at the subjoined cheap rates:

Italy Courier-Journal	\$12.50
Weekly Courier-Journal	\$2.25
Louisville Commercial	\$3.00
Farmers Home Journal	\$1.15
Peterson's Magazine	\$3.00
Wodey's Lady's Book	\$3.00
New York Weekly Sun	\$8.10
Navy N. Y. World	\$7.50
Send weekly	\$3.50
Weekly	\$2.75
Little's Living Age	\$9.30
Toledo Blade	\$3.00

COOL CUSTER.

By M. QUAD.

Men can counterfeit sorrow, sympathy, anger, friendship, enthusiasm and fear, but when it comes to counterfeiting bravery that's another thing. Let a regiment be drawn up in line of battle, and while one would look in vain for skulkers he would see plenty of quivering chins and white faces, and that, too, among officers. Under the influence of fear more than one Colonel has abandoned his regiment, more than one Brigadier General has lost his reputation. Fear of death is not cowardice. Men grow pale and trembled at the roar of battle, and yet the knowledge of certain death would not have made them take a backward step.

Perhaps one man in 1,000 is born without fear—absolutely careless of everything which makes other men afraid. Custer was such a man. In being brave and reckless he was only natural. Of the cavalry officers, Kitpatrick, as some think, would have died sooner than exhibit fear, but it was moral courage that bled him to the lie. So with Torbert and many others while they had to "brace up" under fire, Custer was the same in a fight as on dress parade—cool, good natured, confident and close observing. The "ping" of a bullet had no more significance to him than the hum of a bee, and he relied on his own efforts to get him out of a tight fix.

Soon after Custer's brigade went into the Sandusky Valley a raw-boned recruit came down to one of the companies, and next day his regiment had a fight. The recruit stood his ground first rate for about an hour and then inquired of a comrade: "Say, boys we licked 'em yet?"

"No, not yet," was the reply. "And they haven't licked us, either!"

"No."

"I remember I only got here yesterday, and I don't know much about this business," continued the recruit. "How shall I know when we are licked?"

"Watch Custer's eye," was the reply; "when you see him turn pale, you want to quit fighting and go to running."

Gen. Custer would sit his horse and write orders and overlook movements with bullets flying all about him, but it is not on record that any one ever saw him dodge. When a horse was killed under him he was greatly surprised seeming to have forgotten the fact that missiles of death were flying about. His seeming recklessness and abandon in the face of the enemy made him the successful leader that he was. His narrow escapes made his men argue that he who rode straight at the enemy ran no more risks than one held in reserve, and before Custer left the Michigan brigades to become a division commander he had 4,000 men who would follow him upon a treacherous battery as soon as against demoralized infantry.

His early experience as a journalist, Mr. Archibald Forrester says: "I was running the *Scotchman* at the time. I was sent to Metz, and the paper died. I lost £1,000 and I swor'd I'd have nothing more to do with running a newspaper. That cost me £4,000 a year. Edmonstone Yutes, when he started the *World* in £500, wanted me to go in and put in half, £250. I wouldn't, just on that account. To-day the *World* pays Edmonstone Yutes £3,000 a year. It was unsuccessful from the very start."

AMERICAN grain has penetrated to Switzerland by way of Rotterdam and Antwerp. The crop in Switzerland has not been up to the average this year, and the presence of the American product in their markets is very pleasant to the Swiss consumers. In this connection it is stated that it is probable the German Reischstag will reduce the tariff on imported grain, so that there is good reason to believe the American producers will find in Germany a large and profitable market for their surplus products.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The length of the East River Suspension Bridge is 5,933 feet.

The nectarino is a native of Persia. It was introduced into England in 1862.

There are seventy-two national cemeteries for the burial of the Union and Confederate dead.

In early times cotton was spun by hand, but in 1767 Mr. Burgess, of Lancashire, invented the spinning jenny.

The phrase "He's a hick" originated with King Agelias, who, on a certain occasion, pointing to his army, said: "They are the walls of Sparta. Every man there is a brick."

Steel needles were invented by the Spanish Moors, before which thorns or diabolical bones, with a hole pierced for the eye, were used. The first needles made in London were made in the reign of Henry VIII, by a Moor.

COPPER was first sold in London in 1639 by a Greek, whose husband read: "The virtue of the coffee drink first publicly made and sold in Bosphorus by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

The first book published in the North American colonies was, it is supposed, an "Almanac calculated for New England," by Mr. William Pierce, which appeared in Cambridge in 1689. It was printed in Stephen Daye, but not a copy of it now exists.

HERCULES was the son of Jupiter and Alomena, husband of Dejanira, and, after his deification, of Hera. He was the god of strength, and the guardian of riches, on which account titles were often given to him. He was also the guide of the Muses. Juno was the wife of Jupiter, at the same time his sister. She

was consequently the Queen of the heavens.

The iron crown of Italy is said to have been forged from the nail of Christ's cross. Charlemagne was crowned with this crown, and after him all the Emperors who were Kings of Lombardy; Napoleon I., at Milan, May 26, 1805, put it on his head, saying: "God has given it to me; woe to him who shall touch it." He founded the order of the Iron Crown, which still continues.

ITALIA is a land of drought and flood. The annual rainfall of Sidney has varied from twenty-two to twenty-eight inches. Lake George, near Gourdon, was, in 1824, twenty miles long and eight miles broad. It gradually shrank till in 1837 it became quite dry, and its bottom was converted into a grassy plain. It 1863 it was a lake again, seventeen feet deep; two years later it was only two feet deep, and in 1876 it was twenty feet in depth.

CELLULOID is made from the cellulose obtained in cotton cloth or new cotton. The cotton is treated to a soft solution of nitric acid. This has the effect of making pulp of cotton very much like paper pulp. After the acid has acted the pulp is treated to a copious water bath in a large measure washes out the acid. Then it goes through a partial drying process, and a large quantity of cotton gum is mixed with it, and rolled into sheets ready for the drying bath, when it is dried on hot cylinders, the same as paper is dried. It can be selected by steam, but burns again when it is dry. Celluloid, when ready for the market, burns as readily as ordinary sealing-wax.

A Modest Request.

"Darling, wake up and stop snoring," said a Detroit woman to her husband. "Eh? Whazzat matter now?" he asked as he half raised up in bed.

"Won't you please stop snoring? It made you know how hemlock it made I am sure you would."

"Homesick! How the deuce can my innocent sonore make you homesick?"

"Why, you know, darling, that the bone on the coast from which you took me, my joyous brat, was only a half a mile from a fog horn, and every time you snore it reminds me so of home that I just can't stand it. Please lay on your side and have some little respect for my feelings."

And then the brute spread himself out on his back and in five minutes had her bathed in tears as visions of the old home crept upon her.

A LETTER preserved in the New York Historical Society has the following sentence in it: "My son's wife is lately dead, and is very much lamented by all who knew her; I could have wished, had it pleased God, that his mother-in-law, who is riper for the other world, had died before her."

"There are Christian families," says the examining committee of the Boston Public Library, in its last annual report, "in which the Old Testament is a forbidden book of the day."

"No, not yet," was the reply. "And they haven't licked us, either!"

"No."

"I remember I only got here yesterday, and I don't know much about this business," continued the recruit. "How shall I know when we are licked?"

"Watch Custer's eye," was the reply; "when you see him turn pale, you want to quit fighting and go to running."

Gen. Custer would sit his horse and write orders and overlook movements with bullets flying all about him, but it is not on record that any one ever saw him dodge. When a horse was killed under him he was greatly surprised seeming to have forgotten the fact that missiles of death were flying about. His seeming recklessness and abandon in the face of the enemy made him the successful leader that he was. His narrow escapes made his men argue that he who rode straight at the enemy ran no more risks than one held in reserve, and before Custer left the Michigan brigades to become a division commander he had 4,000 men who would follow him upon a treacherous battery as soon as against demoralized infantry.

His early experience as a journalist, Mr. Archibald Forrester says: "I was running the *Scotchman* at the time. I was sent to Metz, and the paper died. I lost £1,000 and I swor'd I'd have nothing more to do with running a newspaper. That cost me £4,000 a year. Edmonstone Yutes, when he started the *World* in £500, wanted me to go in and put in half, £250. I wouldn't, just on that account. To-day the *World* pays Edmonstone Yutes £3,000 a year. It was unsuccessful from the very start."

AMERICAN grain has penetrated to Switzerland by way of Rotterdam and Antwerp. The crop in Switzerland has not been up to the average this year, and the presence of the American product in their markets is very pleasant to the Swiss consumers. In this connection it is stated that it is probable the German Reischstag will reduce the tariff on imported grain, so that there is good reason to believe the American producers will find in Germany a large and profitable market for their surplus products.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The length of the East River Suspension Bridge is 5,933 feet.

The nectarino is a native of Persia. It was introduced into England in 1862.

There are seventy-two national cemeteries for the burial of the Union and Confederate dead.

In early times cotton was spun by hand, but in 1767 Mr. Burgess, of Lancashire, invented the spinning jenny.

The phrase "He's a hick" originated with King Agelias, who, on a certain occasion, pointing to his army, said: "They are the walls of Sparta. Every man there is a brick."

Steel needles were invented by the Spanish Moors, before which thorns or diabolical bones, with a hole pierced for the eye, were used. The first needles made in London were made in the reign of Henry VIII, by a Moor.

COPPER was first sold in London in 1639 by a Greek, whose husband read: "The virtue of the coffee drink first publicly made and sold in Bosphorus by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

The first book published in the North American colonies was, it is supposed, an "Almanac calculated for New England," by Mr. William Pierce, which appeared in Cambridge in 1689. It was printed in Stephen Daye, but not a copy of it now exists.

HERCULES was the son of Jupiter and Alomena, husband of Dejanira, and, after his deification, of Hera. He was the god of strength, and the guardian of riches, on which account titles were often given to him. He was also the guide of the Muses. Juno was the wife of Jupiter, at the same time his sister. She

CREMATION.

The subject of cremation is attracting the interest of investigation among the scientists of the present day. True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities and towns. But then every inventor knows by either experience or observation that every invention has its state of infancy. They all require some time to develop them into perfection; but often it requires more time to convince the credulous, "know it all," of its utility and many advantages than it does to conceive, devise, and perfect the original thought. But to mention the thought of Cremation in explanatory terms, viz.; "burning the dead," to some good old farmer that has his own burial lot out in his fields, that is only discoverable in the fall after the briars have been cut, by a stone roughly hewn by nature, sticking length-wise up instead of hinging mother earth with its broadest side, True it has only been brought into active operations in but a few of our cities